

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 292. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

## PERSONAL ORIGINALITY.

Any one who is strikingly distinguished from the generality of mankind by some predominant quality of intellect or disposition, is usually styled an Original. His personal characteristics are so manifestly distinct and individual, as to give the impression of a constitutional difference, such as is not usually observable among men. A man of this kind appears to us as an exceptional nature: his bold identity stands out from the multitude, like some prominent headland, or mountain peak, among the lesser eminences and trivial inequalities by which it is surrounded. There is no possibility of confounding it with the ordinary manifestations of personality, any more than there is a likelihood that we should fail to discriminate the Alps or the Andes from the inconsiderable undulations of a comparatively level country. Men such as Milton, Mirabeau, and Napoleon, are persons of such a determinate individuality, as to be instantly and for ever distinguishable from the rest of their generation. They are among the prominences and towering projections of humanity, whose figure and elevation assign to them a distinction in the history of human opinion and activity, equivalent to that which a Mont Blanc or a Chimborazo holds in the geographical arrangements.

This personal ascendancy is the colossal revelation of a latent originality which abides in all men. As there is no human face exactly like another, so neither is there any mind, or intellectual constitution, precisely proportioned after another's image; but each has some dissimilarity of features, and a distinct personality of its own. Men are never duplicates of their progenitors or contemporaries, but they are the infinite variations of a common nature, having each a separate state of being to unfold, and a separate destination to fulfil. Without some slight shade of originality there is no man born into the world. The most stupid person extant is different from all others by his superlative stupidity, if by nothing else; and his life accordingly, if developed in conformity with the tenor of his constitution, will present aspects of individual diversity. His peculiar distinction may have little to recommend him to himself or to the consideration of his fellows, but it is not the less a fact; and we may say, in passing, that the obviously wisest thing for him is, to accept his character for what it is, and to adjust himself in the scale of things according to the manner which his nature has prescribed. If in the ranks of intelligence he is palpably the lowest, the lowest place in the human relations will be most suited to his capacity; and he will be happiest, and in the best way provided for, therein. A true adjustment of men to their appropriate position in the world would go far towards opening to every one the chance of attaining to the place in which his personal gifts and accomplishments could be brought into the most fitting and com-

plete activity. Society were then in all respects perfectly and harmoniously constituted; and, so far as the social institutions are concerned, there would be nothing left of what is right and beautiful to be realised. The kingdom of Perfectibility would have come, and there would be universal gladness and satisfaction on the earth.

What we desire here, however, more especially to indicate, is the fact of every man's personal independency—of his being a new variety of human power, destined to work out a new and peculiar existence. Given an altogether dissimilar apportionment of faculties, there will necessarily result from their due employment a new and hitherto unprecedented manifestation. Every sufficiently cultivated man will have an identity as complete and determinate as that which appertains to the pre-eminent characters whose magnificent isolation we admire; though, as the consequence of a less conspicuous endowment, it is not likely to be so boldly and prominently marked. An ordinary hill does not present the commanding appearance in a landscape which naturally belongs to a mountain, but the hill is not, therefore, the less *real*, or in anywise despicable as a portion of the globe. Not an atom in the universe could be spared, or innocently and without prejudice subtracted from the complement of creation. In like manner, there never was a man endowed with life who was not in some sort essential to the perfection of that universal humanity which he, under a partial and limited personification, represents. When Luther said that God could not do without great men, he uttered, profanely, a really profound truth; since we may be assured that such men are needful to the world's affairs, or they would not have been equipped with gifts and abilities so largely disproportionate to the rest. But if the assumption be true as far as concerns the higher intellects, it must be seen to hold equally in regard to all the lower manifestations of intelligence; and every man in his degree must be esteemed as a necessary and indispensable incarnation. For we are constrained to respect the integrity of the Original Wisdom, and may not impiously attribute to that august Power any superfluous creation.

From such a consideration of mortal being, there will follow some significant results. We can perceive that a man's duties are co-extensive with his capabilities. Each man stands in an original relation to the Supreme Soul, and is responsible to that for the complete culture and development of his nature. The law of his existence is accordingly an indivisible and unlimited self-reliance. He is constitutionally bound to unfold *himself*—conscientiously to work out his peculiar individuality. His personal gifts and tendencies have an obvious reference to the individual life which he is appointed to accomplish. No law is so sacred to him as that which he will find written in his consciousness. Every attempt to represent himself after the model of another, so far at least as his spiritual

identity is thereby diverted into a foreign shape, will result in distortion and disarrangement of his integrity. Imitation is fatal, is a violation of that sacred personality which has been intrusted to his keeping, and whose entirety it is enjoined him to preserve as the foundation of his welfare. He shall not import into his constitution any irrelevant or adventitious elements, but diligently weed the garden of his mind of everything that does not properly consort with its free and graceful cultivation and adornment. Whatsoever he may receive from books, or draw out of the experiences of other men, he must digestively assimilate and incorporate it with the action of his own faculties. Nothing that he cannot transform into a personal power, or susceptively accommodate to the enlargement of his original resources, can be rightly considered to belong to him, but, as far as he is interested, is unimportant and extraneous. Certain facts and images make a more resolute impression upon one man than upon another: these, if he will take thought of it, have a reference to his endowments, and exert a special influence over his education. They are the hints which Nature offers for the acceptance of his intellect, that he may the more perfectly fulfil the destination whereof he is inwardly advertised, and which, being successfully attained, will be seen to be the appropriate outcome of his inherent qualities.

A strict conformity to the pure idea which he personally represents would render every man a unique character. Men would see in him a clearly-defined and self-subsistent nature; one whose life was the growth of principles within his soul—the natural embodiment of his intuitions—and not a loose and perverted incoherency, such as results when a man submits himself to be fashioned merely or principally by circumstances. That want of a definite character which is so commonly observable in the generality, follows from a prior want of truthfulness in themselves. What Pope said sarcastically of women—that for the most part they had no character at all—seems to be true to a large extent of men. But there is no deep-laid necessity for this; for if a man would abide steadily by his instincts, and trust to the spontaneous action of his mind, his character would inevitably grow out of the laws of his being, even as the branches and foliage of a tree proceed out of its natural vitality. A man needs only to be strictly and emphatically himself, and he will not want character. By truly unfolding his latent capabilities, by wisely asserting through word and deed whatsoever his pure reason shall command, by so exercising his powers as to reflect faithfully his individual nature, he shall not fail to exhibit traits of originality, and show forth to the world what manner of man he is. If he will but think of it, he is verily here to do that. Why should he cramp his energies into a foreign shape when the authentic type of his existence is in himself? All this painful striving to appropriate the supposed graces and characteristics of another—this restless ridiculous ambition to be anything but what we are—serves only to pervert and dissipate the native force whereon all manful integrity is dependent. Let the private thought be trusted, follow the honest suggestions of your conscience, and earnestly endeavour to be what your best insight tends to make you. All great men have accepted the admonitions of their genius, and heedless of the suffrages or clamours of the inconsiderate, have unhesitatingly relied upon their inward sense of what was right and fitting to be by them spoken or performed. By no other method can any man attain to that noble unity of life and purpose which is ever his highest and worthiest distinction. He must be a faithful representative to the world of that inmost form of being which is centered in his consciousness, nor aspire after aught that is not natu-

ral to his faculties; for thus only can he testify of the Supreme intentions in creating him, and adequately fulfil his true relations to the universe.

Unfortunately all this may be admitted, and yet it will be felt that there are practical difficulties which oppose the aspirations we are enforcing. In society every man is but a part, not a whole: in youth his destiny has sent him into a career possibly not congenial with his faculties and tastes: and worse than this, considerations of self-interest—absolute means of existence—may oblige the most noble-minded to assume the tone and position of subservency. We cannot legislate for exceptions to great rules. Our belief is, that, all things considered, there is infinitely greater scope for acting on native motives and self-original principles than the world usually gets credit for. At all events, let each person ask himself this—Shall I be a mere imitator, the slavish follower of the herd in all things, or shall I try to work out opinions and views of my own? With candid self-examination, how many might not attain distinction, or at least be greatly useful in their generation, instead of sinking into the nothingness, and it may be the vice, of imitation. What we want to see is effort—effort to inquire, and to act on the inquiry, 'What am I most competent to do?' Let us be fully assured, all exceptions to the contrary, that each man's vocation is prescribed and indicated by the nature of his talent. Endless, truly, are the obstructions whereby a man is hindered from adjusting himself rightfully to his work. Nevertheless, a certain work always belongs to him: namely, that which he can best do—that which affords him the highest and purest satisfaction when it is done. If any man is unconscious of a definite inclination towards any particular species of activity, but finds all, or nearly all, indifferent, it becomes him at least to do well that which falls at any time in his way. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do in the way of duty, do it with thy might.' By putting heart and conscience into his work, there is no labour which a man may not ennoble. But the channel through which he can most admirably communicate himself, by a successful use of his special aptitudes and powers, is the one to which he should boldly commit himself, and esteem as the course which will most effectually conduct him to highest welfare. Working thus in alliance and companionship with Nature, he is strong through the virtue of her strength, and is fortified by her invincibility: no honest effort of his can fail; but every stroke which he strikes manfully on the anvil of his fate shall weld his life in closer unison with the life which is divine.

Let a man, then, take counsel of his own soul, and justify his appearance in the world by an austere reliance on his own character. Let him have due assurance that since he is born into the midst of things, and partakes of the breath of his generation, he has not been flung superfluously into time, but that the universe had need of him; since to him also a special work has been assigned,—namely, a new and original life to live. He shall not bend or cringe to any existing institution, or pay needless idolatry to any venerated name, but shall greet with a sovereign independence all accredited establishments and reputations, and by thought and act announce that here is a man who will summon all things to the bar of his own judgment. The pomps and solemnities of history and tradition must not be suffered to hide from him the fact of his inherent significance in the creation, nor shake his sublime conviction that, in every worthy and right endeavour, the Omnipotent effort worketh covertly through his hands. By stationing himself steadfastly upon his manhood, and maintaining inviolate

the citadel of his own mind, he shall draw resources from the wells of Eternal Truth, and all his acts shall be coincident with the primal laws of things. Having come into the universe, he has God's authority to transact his own affairs there, to think his own thoughts, and earnestly to do the work which is appropriate to his faculties. Let him not mar or corrupt his nature by any compliances with foolish customs and conventions; but resolutely abide by his integrity, as one who founds his justification on principles which are rooted in the Everlasting Soul whereby all things are sustained. With a stoical magnanimity let him face the world on his own basis, and scorn to be decorated by any distinction, by any ornament, which does not properly grow out of his character. Truthfulness to one's-self—that disposition and habit of life which permits the soul to shine through all one's sayings and performances—is not alone the first condition of all greatness, but also of every effort whereby any man would successfully raise himself in intelligence and worth.

#### LONG LOWISFORD.

UPON recovering from a severe illness when I was about sixteen years of age, I was sent for change of air to some relatives whom I had never seen, residing in a distant part of England. Placed under the care of a friend travelling the same route, our journey was performed in the mail-coach, which passed through the town of M—, within seven miles of my destination. Here I was met by a respectable serving-man, and immediately transferred with my luggage to an old-fashioned roomy gig. It was a May evening; in the morning I had left a populous city, and now we were passing onwards through woodlands and pastures, as silent and lonely as the untrodden valleys of the 'far west.' We skirted the side of a swift river, and I was half frightened when we forded it; but the song of birds, the gay wild flowers of the waysides, and all the sights and sounds that met my eye and ear, conspired to lull me into a sort of dreamy consciousness of new life and happiness to come. On attaining the summit of a hill, the domestic, who had not hitherto spoken, pointing to a spire rising amid the greenery of a valley beneath, cheerfully said, 'We be just at home, miss: yonder is Long Lowisford.'

I had seen but little of the country during my brief career; and when we descended to the straggling village—well deserving its name of 'long'—a narrow gushing streamlet flowing throughout its length, with broad flagstones across to reach the houses, the setting sun tinting the gray gables, and playing in a thousand prismatic hues on the latticed windows, whose broad sills displayed many brilliant bouquets, fairy-land unexplored seemed opening to my view. We turned up a coppice lane, and came to a water-mill with dripping slimy wheel; and the foaming waters in the mill-dam quite awed me. We passed an old solemn church, and drew up at the little wicket-gate of the parsonage house, which seemed coeval in age with the church, the porches of both being much alike; that of the sacred edifice being festooned with ivy, and this with roses and chestnuts. I had longed to ask my conductor some questions concerning those with whom I was about to sojourn, but motives of delicacy withheld me from seeking information through this channel. I knew the family consisted of only two members—the Rev. Mr Evelyn and his sister Miss Bridget. I also surmised that they were 'old people,' at least according to my notion of antiquity; and I entertained many private doubts and fears that they might be 'prim and strict;' in short, old people who forget that once they had been young themselves!

But now I was in the hall, with its polished floor of dark oak, and in the arms of the prettiest, sweetest creature I had ever looked on; and yet these terms are applied to a lady past threescore years! I instinctively felt as she addressed me that I was in the presence of a

superior being, and that I must be gentle and good to win her regard, and forget all my wilful rude ways. There was a strange feeling at my heart prompting laughter and tears by turns; and Miss Bridget—for it was she—seeing me weary and emaciated, in a low, soft voice spoke tender words of comfort and encouragement. 'Poor, dear little creature! she is exhausted with her long journey: let us get her to bed, Folliman.' The call for 'Folliman' was answered by the appearance of a tiny, active old dame, many years Miss Bridget's senior, her *ci-devant* nurse, now housekeeper, or whatever she liked to be designated: but how widely different was the aspect of these two ancient women! Miss Bridget was a tall, slight figure, slight to attenuation, but still bearing the stamp of elegance and refinement. Her complexion was so transparently fair and pure, that I know not how I came to guess her age; for there were no wrinkles to betoken it: habitual heavenly calmness had bid defiance to the marks of time. Her silver hair was parted on her brow; but her clear blue eyes could never have been more intelligent and expressive than now. Scrupulous delicacy and neatness characterised her attire at all times; and her extremely beautiful hands and feet seemed more fit for show than use: indeed Miss Bridget's walks never extended beyond the garden; and her slender fingers brought melody from the curiously-carved spinet, the tones she invoked being rare antiquarian treasures. Yet let it not be supposed that her days passed in useless employments or amusement—no: she presided over the still-room when assisted by Dame Folliman; decoctions and herbal recipes were judiciously manufactured and dispensed to the poor; the doctor of Long Lowisford—happy place, there was *but one*!—jocosely affirming that Miss Bridget Evelyn deprived him of half his patients. Then there was not a poor child in the parish that did not give evidence of Miss Bridget's handiwork in the clothes it wore: and all the little creatures were so neatly attired, their garments composed of small pretty patterns, that strangers remarked what good taste and thrift distinguished the appearance of the Long Lowisford children. There was not a baby born into this world of us in Miss Bridget's parish whose first robe was not made by her fair hands. This was her sole recreation, except, indeed, the spinet, and those gentle ambulations round the flower garden. She never gathered flowers; and once I remember offering the dear old lady a moss-rose, but gently she put back my hand, saying with a half-stifled sigh, 'No; thank you, dear girl: I never accept and never present flowers.' There was a sadness in her low tone which set me thinking for many a day.—A very different individual in all respects was Dame Folliman from her mistress—a sturdy, wiry, fidgety old soul—here, there, and everywhere. Nearly eighty, but with the activity of eighteen, her bead-like black eyes retained unwonted lustre; and she scolded the maids, and often kept the parsonage in a ferment when 'cleaning fits' were on her.

As to Miss Bridget, Folliman still treated *her* as a girl, chiding her sometimes as a fond nurse does a beloved nursing: still was Miss Bridget beautiful in Folliman's sight, and, according to her account, earth contained not another such angel in woman's form. 'I wonder she has never been married?' said I one day to the busy dame: 'it is very strange, so pretty and good as she is.'

'It would have been *stranger if she had*,' quoth the dame; but not another word could I draw forth.

But there was another individual of whom I have not yet spoken, whose affection for the sweet Bridget, if more silent than nurse's, was as sincere, and far more deep and fervent: this was her brother Mr Evelyn; and the attachment of this brother and sister had something touching and remarkable in it. He was a year or two younger than she, though he looked older, the lines of thought and care having impressed their marks on his thin pale face. He was indeed a grave man, and,



rarely lapsed into a smile; but ever bore about with him the conscious dignity of his high calling. Devout meditation was stamped on his fine brow: he was a profound scholar, and a finished gentleman; but though uniformly courteous and benevolent, I never felt at ease in his presence. It seemed as if he could have no sympathies in common with me; and my silly prattle ceased when Mr Evelyn's clear blue eye, so serenely cold, spoke, as I fancied, reproof to all levity. He was a faithful pastor, equally beloved by the poor and rich: to the former he proved a valuable 'friend in need' at all times, while the latter eagerly courted his society and advice.

During that long happy summer I was a continual source of annoyance and anxiety to Miss Bridget; for as health and strength returned, so did hoyden propensities and outrageous spirits: besides, the novelty of a country life excited my wildest delight, and I rushed about more like a young savage than a young lady. Torn frocks scrambling for wild flowers, torn hands plucking them, wet shoes and muddled stockings, were among the least of my mishaps; and had matters been no worse, and rested here, many months of suffering for myself, and anxiety for my kind friends, had been avoided. But despite admonitions and gentle warnings, received with derisive laughter on my part, and an obstinate determination to persevere in a wrong-headed course, I persisted in entering a meadow where a dangerous white bull grazed, to show my 'superiority to cowardice,' as I said. Once too often I ventured; the infuriated animal tossed me to the other side of the hedge, where I was found bleeding and insensible, one leg broken, and a deep gash over my left eyebrow. How tenderly I was nursed by Miss Bridget and Dame Folliman, and how bitterly did I reprove myself! During convalescence I was haunted by a nervous anxiety to hear the worst—to have the *lecture over*, which I knew was deserved, and I thought was in reservation for me. Repentant and humbled, I earnestly desired to obtain the pardon of Mr Evelyn and Miss Bridget; and one evening, when my heart was full, I told Folliman this, for my restless yearnings were unbearable. They had gone to visit some neighbours, and the dame and I were alone together.

'Oh, Folliman!' I exclaimed, 'what must they think of me, so kind and good as they are? When they were young, did they ever do foolish, silly things?'

'I do not think that Miss Bridget ever did a silly thing in her life, much less a sinful one, bless her dear heart!' Nurse spoke with much warmth, placing an emphasis on the words 'Miss Bridget.'

'But Mr Evelyn,' pursued I; 'he seems to be above all the weaknesses of our nature: will he believe my desire to amend, nurse; and that I am heartily ashamed of myself?'

'Set your mind at rest, Miss Anna,' responded Folliman: 'no one can feel for others as master does, because he has known a lifelong repentance for rashness committed in youth. I have had it in my mind to tell you the story when you grew better, because it will be a lesson to you for the remainder of your days: for the memory of your own sickness may pass away with the occasion of it; but when you think of Long Lowisford and dear Miss Bridget, I am sure in future years you will never be violent or headstrong again.' And so saying, Dame Folliman settled herself in an easy-chair preparatory to a long gossip. The substance of her narrative was as follows:—

Forty years ago, a large party were assembled at Dalton Park, the seat of Sir Reginald Dalton, in expectation of passing a joyous Christmas in the true old English style. Among the guests were Mr Evelyn and his nephew and niece, orphans tenderly brought up by that excellent man. Bridget was betrothed to Sir Reginald Dalton's eldest son, and the marriage was to be celebrated during the ensuing spring. There was a large family of Daltons, and only one daughter, a young lady about Miss Bridget's age. The boys were schoolfellows

and companions of Edward Evelyn, whom his uncle destined for the church, always fondly trusting that he would become steadier and less headstrong as he grew older and wiser.

Of a bold, reckless spirit was Edward then, pre-eminently handsome and active, and the leader in every mischievous prank attributed to the Daltons and others. Much concern and anxiety he gave his worthy uncle by his wild ways, for he heeded neither reproof nor warning; he liked to do a thing, or he wanted a thing—that was sufficient—and the selfish impulse must be instantly obeyed. Even his sister Bridget, whom he dearly loved, had no power to check or control his violent spirits; and there was another whose disposition and character were more akin to his own—the darling and only sister of many brothers—the dark-eyed, beautiful Helen Dalton; who, while admiring prowess and superiority in every form, took upon herself to admonish, chide, and rebuke her early playfellow, Edward Evelyn; for was she not his senior by two years? And in right of this seniority must not he receive the lectures thankfully and submissively? Whether Helen's mature age or sparkling orbs claimed dominion, is not certain; but that Edward frequently bowed to her decisions is so; though not unfrequently these high spirits clashed, when their mutual displeasure lasted long enough to make reconciliation sweet. It seemed not altogether improbable that at some future period the bond between the respective families might be cemented by another union besides that of Reginald and Bridget: the two fair girls, though opposite in many respects, were sisters in affection; and the more so, perhaps, because Reginald was dearer to his sister Helen than any of her other brothers. Nor was this partiality altogether inexcusable; for Reginald Dalton combined all those amiable qualities which in domestic life bind and cement endearing love so closely.

Bridget was ever hopeful as to her brother's future career; for he was a generous, warm-hearted fellow, despite his obstinate temper: his brilliant abilities unfortunately rendering steady application to study of secondary importance to him; he achieved, as if by instinct, what others plodded over at a snail's pace.

This Christmas party at Dalton Park, it may be imagined, was a merry one; though one thing the boys earnestly desired, yet which no human means could procure. This one thing wanting to complete their enjoyment was a frost; for there was a fine sheet of water in the park, and if that were but iced over, what splendid skating they could have! Edward was passionately fond of this pastime; and when a sharp frost *did* set in, and the earth was covered with snow, and the miniature lake with the much-wished-for ice, his delight knew no bounds.

'No skating to-day, boys,' said the baronet; 'for the water is deep—awfully deep—and I insist that no foot shall venture to cross it. To-morrow, if the frost continues, we shall see what can be done.'

Sir Reginald Dalton's word was law with his sons; but Edward Evelyn felt chafed and indignant at his peremptory mode of speaking, and he burst into his sister's dressing-room, swelling with indignation, exclaiming—'I shall go on the lake to-day; he is no father of mine; and I won't be dictated to by him! Uncle has gone to S—, and there is nobody to forbid me, and I know the ice is strong enough for skating. Come, dear Biddy, you have your bonnet on; come and see me skate. Ah, what beautiful flowers you have here: I saw Reginald gathering them in the hothouse, and I guessed they were for you!'

'They are to place in my hair at the ball this evening, dear Ned,' said Bridget, archly smiling as she added, 'there are plenty more snowy camellias left, and Helen's jetty braids will set them off to advantage. Will you not present her with some, and leave the skating, dear, for the peaceful employment of flower-gathering?'

'Helen may gather them for herself, if she likes,' pouted Edward: 'she is as dictatorial as her father.'

But I am not going to lose my sport for her whims; so come along, Biddy—I'm off!

'Nay, Edward,' urged the tearful Bridget; 'I am going to walk with Reginald; but I intreat you not to go on the treacherous ice to-day: to-morrow, perhaps, you can all enjoy the pastime together, and we ladies will then come and admire your grace and dexterity.'

'A parcel of cowards, Bridget! I wonder you should turn against me too. But go I will, were it only to shame them all!'

'Reginald is no coward,' said Bridget colouring; but she added no more, for remonstrance was unavailing when the evil spirit of obstinacy was uppermost with her brother. He darted from the room, scarcely hearing her last words, but shouting, 'Walk by the lake—I shall be there.'

Bridget rearranged the bouquet which her impetuous brother had displaced; and bending over the perfumed blossoms, she kissed them, half smiling and blushing at her own folly; but they had been gathered by the hand she best loved. She walked with her betrothed to the banks of the lake, in the hope that they might win Edward to leave the dangerous spot: but no; he was on the ice, and cried out exultingly when he saw them. When Reginald found that Edward was determined on disobedience, and would not listen to remonstrance, he moved away with Bridget, feeling as if his prolonged presence tacitly encouraged rebellion to his father's just commands. They left the water, and were entering the woodlands, when a shriek reached their ears—a shriek as of one in extremity. Pausing for an instant only to gaze on Bridget's blanched cheek, Reginald darted back in the direction of the lake, whence the appalling sound proceeded. Bridget followed as quickly as her agitation permitted: she saw an arm and hand appear above the surface of the water; and as Reginald grasped it, her brother struggled for dear life, and regained the solid ice, fainting and helpless. At the same moment the weaker part crashed in with Reginald Dalton's weight, who disappeared beneath it. Frantic screams for aid were unavailing; for aid came quickly, though too late—too late! Reginald had saved Edward's life at the expense of his own; and his affianced bride witnessed the sacrifice. She had indeed cast herself into the water, with the impotent hope of saving that precious life: she was with difficulty rescued; but her lover rose no more!

What words can paint Edward Evelyn's agonies and remorse! His bereaved sister tended him during the months of almost hopeless derangement succeeding the awful catastrophe; she never by look or word reproached or reminded him of the dreadful past, and her patient smile first greeted his recovered perceptions. The years following this fatal event were unmarked by recognition or forgiveness on the part of the Daltons; and Bridget intuitively shrank from obtruding her sorrows on their remembrance, for was not she the sister of that brother whose very name brought anguish to the father's heart? How often she thought of the warm-hearted Helen, her dear and early friend; and Bridget yearned to hear her speak words of forgiveness! Then hope might once more dawn for Edward: for now he was sunk in lethargy, his prospects blighted—his heart seemed turning to stone. Bridget Evelyn knew that her brother's sufferings were far more intense than her own; religion taught her resignation and submission when the first tremendous shock was over; and to her sorrows the poignancy of self-upbraiding was not added. For her alone did Edward live, or wish to live, and by a lifelong repentance and devotion expiate his boyhood's fatal error; and when, in the course of time, the same healing balm came also to his aid, and he began to think of entering on the duties of his sacred calling, this beloved sister, whose self-abnegation was so perfect, sustained him in his resolutions, and cheered and comforted him on his heavy pilgrimage. But yet there was another trial in store; but Edward was better prepared to meet it now. Bridget received a letter from Sir

Reginald Dalton, containing the afflicting tidings of Helen's hopeless state, and summoning her to Dalton Park, at the earnest and last request of the dying. Helen had continued to droop since Reginald had perished so fearfully: there was a deeper sorrow to combat with than even her beloved brother's loss, for Edward also was lost to her for ever. She could not give her hand to him; every feeling of her nature forbade it. But to win her father's forgiveness for him, to accord her own, and to tell him that her affection in death was unchanged—this Helen felt she must accomplish ere she could depart in peace. And she did accomplish it: and she died in Bridget Evelyn's arms, calling her 'sister,' and charging her to bear the message of consolation, forgiveness, and love to Edward.

Need it be added how faithfully this devoted sister performed the bitter task? But while sorrowing for the early dead—his first and last love—Edward Evelyn felt lightened of a heavy burthen, which, as a malediction, had oppressed him. He was forgiven by the earthly father, and would his Heavenly one prove unrelenting?

These details, imparted by Dame Folliman with many tears and discursive comments, coupled with the severe punishment which had befallen myself, afforded a lasting and salutary lesson. It is very rarely that our misdeeds injure only ourselves; and it were well if we early learned to remember how many kinds and degrees of selfishness there are disguised under the names of impulse or rashness. To this day I have a strange feeling when I am offered flowers: my thoughts are carried away instantaneously to that Christmas bouquet of poor Bridget, and my ear thrills again with the sweet sad tones in which she told me that she never gave and never accepted flowers.

#### THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

From the kingdom of Dahomey, on the western coast of Africa, the largest and most steady slave-export trade is carried on. To counteract this trade, the British government, as is well known, incurs a large annual expense, and practically fails in its object. Thus disconcerted, our government has made the attempt to persuade the king of Dahomey to abandon the trade in slaves; and the history of this attempt, drawn from a parliamentary paper, we now propose to give. The particulars are contained in a report by B. Cruickshank, Esq. respecting his mission to Dahomey.

The writer of the report begins by glancing at the present state of this nefarious traffic. 'For a period,' says he, 'extending over the last twelve years, the annual exportation of slaves from the territory of the king of Dahomey has averaged nearly 8000. In addition to this number, another thousand at least are annually brought down from the interior, and are kept in slavery in the towns and villages upon the coast, where they enjoy, when well conducted, a very considerable share of liberty, and all the necessities of life in apparent comfort and abundance; but they are subjected to exportation for acts of gross disobedience, as well as for social offences of an aggravated nature.'

'It appears to be a general practice with the masters of the slaves to permit them to prosecute their own affairs, and to receive in exchange for this concession of their time a stipulated monthly sum derived from their labour; owing to this arrangement, an industrious slave is sometimes enabled to acquire his freedom by obtaining funds necessary for the purchase of two slaves, which will generally be accepted as the price of his redemption. This annual supply of 9000 slaves is chiefly, I may say entirely, derived from a systematic

course of slave-hunting; for the number paid to the king by the Mahees and other tributaries, together with the criminal offenders who are exported, forms but a small item in the gross amount.

'The king generally accompanies his army to these slave hunts, which he pursues for two or three months every year. Its miserable objects are weak and detached tribes, inhabiting countries adjacent to his dominions, and at distances from his capital varying from twelve to twenty-four days' march. A battle rarely occurs, and the loss in killed in such expeditions is not so great as is generally believed in England. The ordinary plan is to send out traders to act as spies; these carry their petty merchandise into the interior towns, and make their observations upon their means of defence.

'The trader returns after the lapse of some months, guiding the king's army, and instructing the leaders how they may surround and surprise the unsuspecting inhabitants, who are often thus captured on awakening in the morning. As resistance is punished by death, they generally prefer to yield themselves prisoners, and thus the king's victories are often bloodless. It is only when African kings, of nearly equal power, are ambitious to try their strength, that those wholesale slaughters take place which only terminate in the extermination of a people. Such contests, however, are rare; the African chief having a much greater relish for an easy and unresisting prey, whom he can convert into money, than for the glory of a victory which costs him the lives of his people; so at least it is with the king of Dahomey, who often returns to his capital without the loss of a man either of his own party or that of his enemy. He has on more than one occasion been repulsed by the Akus and the people of Aberkoutah; but in these and similar cases, where the resistance is likely to be strong and determined, his troops are led away before much slaughter has been done.

'After the surrender of a town, the prisoners are presented to the king by their captors, who are rewarded by the payment of cowries, of the value of a couple of dollars for each captive, who is henceforth the king's slave; but on his return to his capital after a successful enterprise, he is in the habit of distributing a number of these unfortunate creatures among his head men, and at the same time bestowing large sums as bounty to his troops. A selection is then made of a portion of the slaves, who are reserved for the king's employment; and the others are sent down to the slave merchant, who not unfrequently has already sold his goods on credit in anticipation of their arrival.

'An export duty of five dollars is paid upon each slave shipped from the king's dominions, even although the port of embarkation may not belong to him. It is a frequent practice to convey them by the lagoon either to the eastward, as Little Popo, or to westward, as Porto Nuovo, neither of which towns are in subjection to the king. He, however, has command of the lagoon leading to these places, and the duty must be paid previous to their embarkation upon it; so that from the export duty alone the king derives an annual sum of 40,000 dollars. But this is not all. The native dealer, who brings his slaves to the merchant, has also to pay duties on each slave at the different custom-house stations on their road to the barracoons. The amount paid at these stations it is more difficult to ascertain, as many of the slaves are the king's own property. A sum, however, of not less than 20,000 dollars may be set down for this item. If we estimate the annual number of slaves sold by the king himself at 3000, and reckon them at the present price of eighty dollars, we have an additional item of 240,000 dollars; thus making in all a revenue of 300,000 dollars derived annually from the slave trade.

'But this calculation, which is a near approximation to the truth, and is under rather than above the exact amount, does not by any means convey a just impression of the advantages which the king derives from the

slave trade. By the laws of his country he inherits the property of his deceased subjects; so that his head men and others who have been amassing property by this traffic, have only been acting as so many factors to the king, who receives at their death the fruits of the labour of a lifetime; a very small portion of the estate, in slaves and cowries, is generally returned to the natural heir, which serves as a species of capital for him to commence in like manner his factorship. Under a system so calculated to induce an apathetic indifference, the king contrives, by repeated marks of royal favour, and by appointments to offices of trust and emolument, to stimulate to industrious exertion the principal men of his kingdom. These appointments, moreover, become hereditary, and their holders form an aristocracy, with sufficient privileges to induce the ambition of entering its ranks.'

In the circumstances here stated, it will not appear surprising that Mr Cruickshank had undertaken an impossibility. On being introduced to the king of Dahomey, and expressing a hope that he would assent to a treaty to extinguish the slave trade on his coast, his majesty was very much at a loss how to reply. He was anxious to conciliate the British government; but on the other hand, the abandonment of the slave trade was pretty nearly equivalent to financial ruin. His majesty's excuses are admirable. 'His chiefs had had long and serious consultations with him upon the subject, and they had come to the conclusion that his government could not be carried on without it. The state which he maintained was great; his army was expensive; the ceremonies and customs to be observed annually, which had been handed down to him from his forefathers, entailed upon him a vast outlay of money. These could not be abolished. The form of his government could not be suddenly changed without causing such a revolution as would deprive him of his throne, and precipitate his kingdom into a state of anarchy. He was very desirous to acquire the friendship of England. He loved and respected the English character, and nothing afforded him such high satisfaction as to see an Englishman in his country, and to do him honour. He himself and his army were ready at all times to fight the Queen's enemies, and to do anything the English government might ask of him, but to give up the slave trade. No other trade was known to his people. Palm-oil, it was true, was now engaging the attention of some of them; but it was a slow method of making money, and brought only a very small amount of duties into his coffers. The planting of coffee and cotton had been suggested to him; but this was slower still. The trees had to grow, and he himself would probably be in his grave before he could reap any benefit from them. And what to do in the meantime? Who would pay his troops, or buy arms and clothing for them? Who would buy dresses for his wives? Who would give him supplies of cowries, of rum, of powder, and of cloth to perform his annual customs? He held his power by an observance of the time-honoured customs of his forefathers; and he would forfeit it, and entail upon himself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, if he neglected them. It was the slave trade that made him terrible to his enemies, and loved, honoured, and respected by his people. How could he give it up? It had been the ruling principle of action with himself and his subjects from their earliest childhood. Their thoughts, their habits, their discipline, their mode of life, had been formed with reference to this all-engrossing occupation; even the very songs with which the mother stilled her crying infant told of triumph over foes reduced to slavery. Could he, by signing this treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It could not be. A long series of years was necessary to bring about such a change. He himself and his people must be made to feel the superior advantages of another traffic in an increase of riches, and of the necessities and luxuries of life, before they could be weaned from this trade. The expenses of the English government



are great; would it suddenly give up the principal source of its revenue without some equivalent provision for defraying its expenses? He could not believe so. No more would he reduce himself to beggary. The sum offered him would not pay his expenses for a week; and even if the English government were willing to give him an annual sum equivalent to his present revenue, he would still have some difficulty in employing the energies of his people in a new direction. Under such circumstances, however, he would consider himself bound to use every exertion to meet the wishes of the English government.

'Such were the arguments which the king used in justification of his refusal to sign the treaty; and much regret did he express that the object which the English government had in view was of such vital importance to him that he could not possibly comply with its request.

'Although inwardly acknowledging the force of his objections, I did not give up the subject without endeavouring to convince him that in the course of a few years, by developing the resources of his rich and beautiful country, he would be able to increase his revenue tenfold; and that the slaves whom he now sold for exportation, if employed in the cultivation of articles of European consumption, would be far more valuable to him than they now were. I endeavoured to make him comprehend this, by informing him of the price of a slave in the Brazils, and asking him if he thought the Brazilian would give such a price for him if he did not find himself more than repaid by his labour? He believed this to be the case; but the length of time required, the whole process of an entirely new system, and want of skill among his people to conduct such operations, appear to him insurmountable difficulties. He was willing, however, to permit Englishmen to form plantations in his country, and to give instructions to his people.

'At last the king appeared anxious to escape from this harassing question; and by way of closing the interview, invited me to accompany him to witness a review of his troops. What principally struck me upon this occasion was the animus displayed by every one present, from the king to the meanest of his people; every word of their mouths, every thought of their hearts, breathed of defiance, of battle, and slavery to their enemies: his principal captains, both male and female, expressed an anxious hope that I would remain in their country to witness their first triumph, and to behold the number of captives they would lead back to Abomey; and that I might be in no doubt that the general mass participated in these sentiments, such an assenting shout rent the air as must have often proclaimed the victory. A quiet smile of proud satisfaction passed across the king's face as he regarded me with a look which said, "these are my warriors;" and when I heard the loud rattle of their arms, and saw the wild sparkle of their delighted eyes, gleaming with strong excitement, as they waved their swords and standards in the air, I fully acknowledged the force of the king's question—"Could he, by signing the treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people?" The sight which I was witnessing was to me a stronger argument than any the king had yet used; here there was no palliating, no softening down, no attempt to conceal their real sentiments under the plea of necessity for undertaking their slave-hunting wars, but a fierce, wild, and natural instinct, speaking in language that could not be misunderstood.

'At no time before my arrival in his country did I ever entertain the faintest hope of his acceding to it in good faith; and since I had ascertained at Whydah the amount of revenue derived from this trade, and had seen the rude and expensive magnificence of his state, I could not but feel that a repitition of my paltry offer of an annual subsidy of 2000 dollars would only clothe me with ridicule. I was anxious, however, to ascertain whether the king really regarded it in a merely

pecuniary point of view, and would forego the trade in slaves upon finding his revenue made up from other sources. He assured me that he would; but even with this assurance, I may be allowed to doubt whether a monarch and a people of such ambitious character would cease from making war upon their neighbours.'

Mr Cruickshank had subsequent conversations with the king of Dahomey on the subject of his mission, but all equally unavailing. Afterwards, De Souza, a person famous in the annals of slave-dealing, tendered a piece of advice which seems far from unreasonable. "Your government wishes to put a stop to the slave trade?" said he. I assented. "Then leave it alone; leave it alone," he repeated; "and believe me, you will disappoint the slave-dealer far more than by the most stringent laws you could form; and in the course of a couple of years you will be much nearer your object than by enforcing the strictest blockade which the whole navy of England could make of the coast of Africa." The source from which this counsel was derived may render it very suspicious in the eyes of some; nevertheless, I am inclined to think that the old gentleman was giving a true opinion upon the subject, and certainly, as being the observation of a man of De Souza's shrewdness and experience, it is worth more than a casual notice. It is a distressing truth that our present blockade is no check whatever to the slave trade: it is flourishing at this moment to such a degree, that the last accounts from Brazil report more than 8000 slaves in the market there without any purchaser; and not long ago a cargo of slaves arrived at the same place, which found such a bad market, that they were given up to pay freight. In presence of such facts as these, and the additional fact, that during the whole period that we have maintained cruisers on the coast, the slave trade has gone on uninterruptedly, we must be convinced of the futility of such a system: it appears to me to serve no other purpose than to increase the horrors of the traffic. In the first place, the certainty of losing a considerable proportion by capture, increases the slave merchants' orders for supply to the slave-hunting African kings, and so renders more frequent and incessant their cruel forays, with their endless tale of miseries from the bloody battlefield, where they were taken prisoners, or from their smoking huts, where they were surprised in sleep, throughout their toilsome journey over the burning plains and through the swampy forests, until their arrival on the sea-shore. In the next place, the precautions necessary to avoid the cruisers oblige the slavers to cram these miserable objects into the stifling holds of small vessels, where it is well known thousands die from suffocation. In addition to this, I believe I may add, that it sometimes happens that the slave merchant has been more fortunate than he calculated upon, and that more of his slaves have escaped capture than he expected; he does not therefore require the additional lot of slaves who have been hunted down for him; so they are left sometimes to starve in the hands of their captors, and sometimes are led forth to gratify them with their tortures. There can be no doubt but that much of this incredible suffering would be avoided if there were no cruisers; and truly, if we cannot alleviate the miseries of these wretches by our blockade, let us not add to their torments by our philanthropic but fruitless exertions.'

De Souza was right. Our attempts to put down the slave trade by armed cruisers is proved to be utterly hopeless, and monstrous on the score of inhumanity, not to speak of expense. Ships cannot repress the slave trade, neither would a line of fortresses on the coast: for in the latter case, the trade would only be diverted into a new channel. Besides, a land blockade would enbroil us with the Americans, French, and other nations. In the name of common sense, then, why is the present pernicious and ruinously-expensive policy pursued? If we must have a hand in the thing, why are not more placable means employed? To the consideration of this most important subject the mind of

all reasonable persons ought to be directed. Unreasoning philanthropy, in this as in other things, has done nothing but mischief.

### THE MARIGOLD WINDOW.\*

THE author of this elegant volume means no doubt to typify his mind by the marigold window of a cathedral, and his thoughts by the light which passes through it, modified by its fantastic, yet little varied forms, and mellowed by its dim poetical colouring. He exaggerates, however, the value of the illumination conveyed through such a medium; forgetting that it can be of little or no utility in bringing out hidden truths, being introduced merely as a constituent part of a picture, the main object of which is effect. Thought, in fact, is not our author's province. He is led by the constitution of his mind to confound sentimental with philosophical reflection, and to imagine he thinks when he only feels and fancies. Even religion he confounds with its forms; ascribing a devout character to the 'tide of munificence and taste now widening throughout the realm,' and tracing it to 'that fountain of revived catholicity welling up within the green seclusion of the Oxford cloisters.' Christianity, to be felt by him, must be objective. He desires to unite the church on earth with the church in heaven by praying for the dead, and believing that the dead pray for him. He sees no inconclusiveness in this means of union: what his nature craves, and must have even in acts of devotion, is a picture for the employment of his heart and imagination.

In one respect this peculiarity is of advantage to the book, although in another it will diminish its chance of popularity. The advantage—and to that we will confine ourselves—is obvious in the excellence of the descriptive pieces. An old house, a ruined church, a dim and mystic wood, were hardly ever more finely painted. You see the shapes of bygone days flitting through deserted rooms; you listen to the swell of the organ vibrating through vaults where the bat is now the only inhabitant; you hear, as of old, the voice of the Lord God among the trees. At this season of the year more especially such a book is welcome. We all of us want to flee away somewhere and be at rest. We care not about the paradox in saying that God made the country, and man the town; but continue panting for that Thing of Beauty which lives in green shades, and on mountain sides, and in old solitary houses; and so we

— 'Rest in hopes

To see wide plains, fair trees, and sunny slopes,  
The moon, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers,  
Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.'

These 'overlooking towers' are, after all, the grand charm of the picture, bringing the things of inanimate nature home to our business and bosoms. 'Old mansions!' says our author, 'what a worthy theme of chronicle—what a wealthy mine of romance! That they were monuments of the opulence, the magnificence, and the dominion of our forefathers; that their reverend frontispieces look on us, as it were, from beyond

"The deep backward and abysm of time;"

that their principal connection is with the buried world; and that they hold converse with the living from among the dead—are not considerations to nod and sleep upon, if you be instinct with one spark of that heavenly fire which animates the earthy tenement called flesh and blood.' The heart of an old mansion is the fireplace. 'Undoubtedly the fireside is the Magnus Apollo of

romance, the cradle at once, and the nurse of legendary lore. Look at the superiority of our northern tales over the voluptuous lucubrations of softer and sunnier realms, and you may trace it to the influence of the long winter nights, the heartsome homes, and the hearth-flame—the talkative, the amusing, the ethereal hearth-flame—which at once inspires our fancies and suggests our recreation.

'The soft purple sky jewelled with stars, the paradisaal perfumes from groves of orange and palm, the silver sparkles of the marble fountain soothing the still and tepid air, the gushing cadences of the nightingale, the tall, pillared pavilion, wooing the spirit-like breezes to wander and whisper round its painted galleries, or flit through the gilt lattice of its balconies—all these appliances had much in themselves to divide and distract attention from the story-teller of Italian gardens.

'But when the dark night, early swooping down on the woods and towers of English homes, drove within their gates, and gathered round their firesides, both young and old, high and low, from the stirring excitement of out-door toil or sport; when rain, and sleet, and wind, stalked by door and window, grim warders as they were, and forbade all egress; when the well-spread board had exhausted its gratifications, and the very wine-cup had ceased to charm—then did that domestic fane, the chimney vault, manifest its glories unveiled; then did the feudal focus vindicate philosophy for appropriating its Roman title to express the centre of attraction!'

To give an account of the heterogeneous contents of a volume of prose and poetry like this is out of the question; but as Scotland, for various good reasons, will be the great field of the tourist during the present season, we are happy to be afforded an opportunity of illustrating, and perhaps exhibiting in a new phase, some of its more familiar sights. One of the best triumphs of the railway is the Cheap Excursion, which opens out a world of poetry and romance, intermingled with historical monuments, to eyes that have hitherto been condemned to behold such matters only in the pages of a book. But books, although imperfect in themselves, very often serve as spectacles to enable those to see who would otherwise receive only confused and indistinct impressions; a fact which we may illustrate by selecting a very common object in a very common and cheap excursion. Common and cheap! These words escaped our pen, and it is only on reflection that we are startled to think of the character of the journey we would indicate. The tourist proceeds from Edinburgh to Glasgow—from Glasgow down the course of the Clyde beyond the Gareloch—up the whole length of Loch Long—across the neck of land to Loch Lomond—down Loch Lomond from end to end—overland to Dumbarton—up the narrower part of the Clyde to Glasgow, and back again to Edinburgh: all in one day, and all at the expense of a few shillings! The object on this tour illustrated by our author is the hotel at the head of Loch Long.

'Descending upon Loch Long, we passed the beautiful village and the Hall of Arrochar, once the principal mansion of the chief of the M'Farlane clan, almost sepulchred in huge groves of noble old trees. It was not our original purpose to have tarried in this romantic spot; but in consequence of some defect in the working of the steamboat, we were compelled to land when about half way down the loch, and walked back to the old castle, now used as a hostel, but still in the occupation of the family (how downfallen!) of the M'Farlanes.

'Behold us, then, settled for the night in a wide wainscotted saloon, of carved walnut panels, and to which a steep stair rises direct from the very threshold of the porch—a general air of antiquity hovering over everything, and of course embellished by a thousand visions of the old and warlike clan. The ample hearth sent up a cheerful blaze, most acceptable to this chilly, autumnal night; still there was an aspect of desolation, reminding one powerfully of the Udolpho chambers, with all their

\* The Marigold Window; or Pictures of Thought. By the Author of 'Fragments of Italy,' &c. London: Longman. 1849.



accessories of banditti, tyrants, and ghosts. I was to have the haunted room for my dormitory; and fully expected some gigantic chieftain in plaid and kilt to undraw my curtains at the dead of night, and hallo his wild "Loch Sloy!" in my startled ear. My anticipations, however, were not doomed to be realised; for I had a night of deep and refreshing slumber, chimed to by that heavy old clock, whose dim silver dial-plate and spiral frame stands at the head of the great staircase.

'At the first ray of a brilliant October sun I rose, hastily performing my toilet rites, and hurried down to the basking beach of Loch Long. It was a morning of airless frost, cloudless sun, and such serene silence, that the booming of a hundred waterfalls (bournes swollen by the late heavy rains) sweeping down the hills seemed to enhance the repose that enfolded the village, the castle, the church, the woods, and the glass-like sheet of Loch Long in its sleepy spell.

'The old manor castle itself stands on a pleasant point of smooth green turf, commanding the lake: a double row of majestic plane-trees (the customary attendant on the Scottish tower) forms a delightful grove on the south; and the mighty Hill of Arrochar rises abruptly behind the mansion towards the east.

'The house itself is tall, and built in the shape of a T. The most interesting apartment is that which still goes by the name of the Laird's Parlour. It is a lower storey, snug and secluded, wainscotted with fine larch, having the panels highly painted in Dutch landscape, with festoons of fruit and flowers. Among other things, it contains a most curious tea-service of rich porcelain, made in China, expressly for a M<sup>r</sup>Farlane of his day. Each piece has the M<sup>r</sup>Farlane arms—argent, a cross in-vecked, saltire, gules, between four roses seeded and barbed proper; the family crest, a sheaf of arrows; the supporters, two Highlanders; the motto, "This I'll defend," and the slogan of the clan, "Loch Sloy," all emblazoned in gorgeous colours.

'As I stood upon the turf behind the interesting building, I actually revelled in the united enchantments of that gray legendary place, and the serene glory of that autumnal morn.

'The venerable house, with its six high gables, towering into large moulded chimneys; its porch surmounted by the wreath that once surrounded the heraldry of the clan M<sup>r</sup>Farlane; the massy gate itself, clenched with iron studs, the principal stair revealed at the open doorway, and the date of the building, 1697, traced in Arabic figures over the portal, lay all ablaze in the placid splendour of the morning sun; the heavy old trees stood up, green and full, into the azure sky, not a leaf of their variously-coloured foliage tinged by the autumn; and on the mountains beyond the red mineral stains, and the tinges of the dead heather and withering fern displayed their sombre and harmonious colouring.

'What a morning, after a night spent in the gloomy grandeur of a decayed Highland castle!

The Gareloch, which we have incidentally mentioned, is one of the most beautiful bits of water in Scotland. It stretches up from the great bay of Helensburgh, making Roseneath, with its dual seat, a peninsula, and after leaving the majestic Clyde, assuming all the characteristics of a gentle and solemnly-tranquil inland lake. Here the tourist, who has more time than the flying excursionist, will be tempted to seek out Lady Carrick's Lodge. 'Passing from the sunny shores of the soft Gareloch, through a dismantled gateway, apparently of the early Stuart dynasty, you find yourself all at once plunged among a solemn congregation of trees, whose dimensions are absolutely extravagant, and whose arcades of trunks bewilder you with the luxuriant waste of magnificence, till your astonishment borders upon awe. Yet there is nothing of the gloomy horror of a Druid's grove. The sun sweeps over lawny glades, that glance in velvet greenness here and there, emblazing sometimes entire ranges of foliage with sheets of lustre, and sometimes with difficulty cleaving through their boughs a pathway of radiance that enlivens even

the gloomiest shadows of their recesses. As to the trees themselves, nothing can exceed the variety of their enchanting foliage (evidently the tasteful work of man's device). The sunny lime, now yellow with its fragrant tassels, the variety of the pine, the cedar of Lebanon, the American oak, the dark and massy sycamore, the aspen, the ash, the chestnut, the walnut, are intermingled with admirable art; while, on a mound apart and elevated, the Twin Titans do, by their prodigious bulk, win you for a space from the noble but inferior stature of their sylvan co-mates. Still so solitary, so silent, so neglected, looks this beautiful spot, that considering the colossal grandeur, its leading characteristic, you might almost imagine it some Eden which the Deluge had spared—some garden planted by the giants of old, men of renown.

'The labour of man, the art and the taste of man are everywhere conspicuous; and yet the only tokens that man selected this sweet place for his abode are two mouldering pillars, a formal avenue (just like a wall) of gigantic lime-trees, leading straight to two tiers of turfy terraces, which were once ascended by stairs, and guarded by balustrades of carved stone, and terminated by a grassy mound, completely over-canopied by ash, birch, and spindle-trees, at once the grave and the monument of the Old Lodge!

'What had its masters done that their habitation should be laid level with the earth, and yet their vast grove suffered to survive, as the witnesses and memorials that the place once so flourishing was now cursed?

'Strange, various, and even contradictory stories are whispered among the rustics. At anyrate it is a lovely, a solemn, a spirit-stirring precinct. I question if I would willingly visit its huge hollows by the ghostly moonlight!

After these splendid trees come the funereal yews, and more especially those of Dirlton Castle, on the southern coast of the Firth of Forth. 'These are the most extraordinary I ever saw. They are of gigantic dimensions, and so thick, as to form profound shades, whose Druidical solemnity a whole forest could not surpass: not frowning here and there in solitary dignity like intruders on the lighter foliage; but glooming in congregated grandeur, the sombre ascendants of the baronial pleasure, their multitude rendering the other trees insignificant, and their sublimity making the gayest colourings of the orchard look trivial and garish.

'Their vast size is eminently remarkable, where they form the broad and lofty rampires of the bowling-green, rising to the height of fifty feet in some parts, and in others forming solid walls of clipped foliage round the four sides of a square area of considerable size, and the smoothest and greenest turf. This is in a hollow, over which the old castle (one of the most beautiful and interesting ruins in Scotland) rose, when I saw it, high on a basaltic crag, exhibiting a vast assemblage of round, octagon, and square towers, above which the great donjon stood pre-eminent, interspersed with steep coronets of notched gables and chimneys of the most beautiful mould, huddled together in the most picturesque way imaginable; robes of rustling ivy spread their glossy brocade over the greater part, while the ruddy westerling sun painted both the majestic edifice and its solemn tapestries with fervent gold. Decadent trees, richly annealed with a thousand autumnal colours, clustered around the castle; and below them lay the smooth bowling-green, with its long low seats of turf, corresponding with every side, and its arbours in the centre of each. The placid purple of the sky above, the superb pomp of the autumnal foliage, and the profound gloom of the *Ethiops* yews, their summit just touched by the sunset, at which

"The melancholy mass put on bright looks, and smiled."

formed altogether a pleasing accompaniment to this October evening, with its breathless atmosphere, dropping leaves, and distant voices from the village green. The owl follows naturally the congenial yew, with a

lament for the approaching close of his ancient solitary reign. The interior of Dirlton Castle 'is the most intricate, shattered, and piquant thing in the shape of a ruin that ever invited an adventurer of the Radcliffe school. Galleries, staircases, recesses, bowers, halls of vaulted stone, turrets that rise not higher into the golden sky than its vaults sink deep into the pitchy earth, sullen wells, shattered niches, dismantled pillars, and fair and luxuriant trees, waving everywhere in their most finely-moulded chambers. The gorgeous and aromatic gillyflower glows here in lavish splendour. One room is very striking. It occupies the great round south-west tower, and is of course circular, is lighted by three windows, whose recesses, nine feet deep, have each groined ceilings, containing a huge fireplace, with carved columns and moulded cornice, and terminates in a stately alcove ceiling or cupola. The castle abounds in gateways, and there seems to have been court within court, some broad and turf, others tall and narrow as a well. I never saw a Scottish castle so spacious; nor in England one which, with no extraordinary architectural splendour to boast, possesses more attractive features than the basaltic seat, variegated fabric, and antiquated gardens of Dirlton Castle.'

Here is an old town hit off in a paragraph:—'A most romantic air of high antiquity she truly wears—clustering in broad towers and lofty steeples, and girdled by solemn and darkly-globose woods. I do not know when I have seen so striking an effect of architectural old age in a city—not in mired St Andrews itself. The town stretches the tall and quaintly-gabled mansions of its main street along the southern brow of a steep hill. She then circles round its western ridge, and spreads her houses and gardens down the sides. Gray stone fronts, with blue and red roofs, promiscuously intermingled with tufts of verdure, form a highly-coloured raiment to the mound; and at its top the stately eminences of the High Street, like a mural coronet, spiked with slender shafts, look, glittering in the sun, down on a fertile plain. The dark and arching wrecks of the regal and abbatial buildings—frowning over a wilderness of gorgeous tinted foliage in the blue misty Glen of Pittencrief, close, with melancholy majesty, this solemn, yet splendid picture. Such is high old Dunfermline town!'

Rothsay Castle is sketched as boldly and as rapidly, and Elgin is satisfied with a few master-touches. 'The view of Elgin from the highway on the east is exceedingly impressive. The boldly-vaulted bridge in the foreground, baring its gray face among rich woods of ash and Oriental plane, makes a triumphal arch over the broad, crashing river. And at the back, monstrous in their magnificence, the two great steeples of the minster, with their tall gable and its grand window between them, together with the graceful octagon of the Chapter House, elevate their venerable bulk above the bridge and its green groves. Glooming against the coloured heavens behind them, that fill up each melancholy orifice, their sombre majesty associates well with the heavy gleams of a storm-foreboding sunset, and the thundery purple of those long, bleak hills. The solemn pomp of the principal objects, and the gorgeous colouring over all, together with the awful tranquillity heightened rather than infringed at intervals by the hollow gusts—(the light horse of the approaching tempest)—combined in a superb picture, over which the "lion port" of the gigantic cathedral reigned paramount.'

We can only refer to the description of Loch Leven Castle as being highly characteristic—some will think it amusingly so—of the writer's enthusiasm; but our space will afford nothing more than an abridged sketch of Falkland Palace. This 'is a highly-picturesque fabric, and, from its associations, absolutely fascinating; but if a man goes thither merely for architectural delights, why, then, a great square donjon, with broad turrets and notched gables, a façade of low and heavy structure, with massive cornice and thick cable mouldings, together with the peculiarity of dozens of

medallions between the buttresses, every buttress containing a statue with elaborate canopies and brackets, frowning turrets enringed with noisy jackdaws, and tall chimneys with quaintly-carved coronals, an assemblage of gorgeous but unwieldy decoration—will, it is to be feared, woefully disappoint him.

'The great hall is 100 feet long, and 40 broad, and its roof is redolent of the flattering remains of past royalty, and wretchedly false promises of future immortality. It is painted in ribbed compartments of azure, vermillion, and gold—in scrolls, in shields, in diadems, in mantles, in cyphers, in mottoes. . . . *Fleur de lis*, roses, and thistles, complete the faded decorations of the ceiling; in the centre of which is a large shield containing the arms of Scotland, England, and Ireland; the Red Lion being marshalled first, and England quartering France second in the escutcheon. I observed the portcullis and crown (the badge of the Tudor family), and the Prince of Wales's plume, with its motto of majestic humility—"Ich Dien." A grand gallery with five colossal windows looking northward extends parallel with this apartment. How like gilded motes in the sunbeam appear its departed companies to the imagination! Nothing but royalty breathes in the murky air: nothing but ermines and coronets break through the dismal arcade: no echoes but of royal command and courtly adulation flit beneath that high and dusky roof! Through the windows you may see the soft hills, sheltered villages, and tinted woods of Strath-Eden; just such a warm sun as this tinged the pale stubbles and green pastures with golden red when kingly eyes saw, but recked not of them. But within the towered palace, within—where be the lamps that, with richly-coloured lustre, caused the departed daylight to be forgotten?—where the pictures that made the lovely landscapes of Strath-Eden appear dull and tame?—where the bowered and pillared tapestries which, when men saw, they said, "Would Nature were as fair!"—where the majestic forms that dignified these scenes?—where the lustrous eyes that defied them! . . . The most striking feature of Falkland Palace is its cumbrous magnificence of mould: even its commanding towers look low from their bulk. To see the buildings, however, in all their picturesque variety—the roofless and the roofed, turret and hall, staircase and gateway, diamond lattices and gaping windows of rich sculptures, the brocades of barbaric carvings that lace its broad buttresses, and the reverend hue of solemn gray that its huge walls disclose; while birch and pine-trees of gigantic trunks and cluttered foliage are illumined by the calm evening sun-flame that floats upon the pile, and phalanxes of rooks hovering over the trees and towers, whose incessant cries scarcely permitted the shrill note of the martlet, or the deep soft tones of the cushat to be heard—thus to see Falkland Palace, makes desolation pompous, and imparts a glory to gloom.'

At the time and in the place we write, the easier classes are off we know not whither; and in lieu of them the streets are flooded with tourists from far and near, come to admire the objects that have palled upon the others. These new birds of passage are recognised by the healthy brown of their complexions, and by their apparel a little wild and uncivilized; but more especially by the guide-book which they carry, like an official baton, in their hand. An English tourist always goes to work in a business-like manner. His pleasure is occupation. He is careful of matters of fact, and checks his book just as he does his hotel bill. Indeed we think there is 'something too much of this;' for in watching details, he may forget impressions, and for the sake of a cold correctness in things of little moment, sacrifice much both of the enjoyment and advantage of the journey. To such travellers, but more especially to the cheap excursionists, who have not time for details, a work like the one we are noticing is wholesome reading. It gives the moral colouring of the object, and informs with spirit what would otherwise be only inert matter.

Although it may be wise, therefore, to employ sometimes the telescope and sometimes the rule, it is equally so to take a broad sweeping glance at the scene through some such medium as the 'Marigold Window.'

### A LORD-KEEPER AND HIS MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES.

If we wish to measure the true baseness of a debased state of morals, it may perhaps be better done, not by exaggerated accounts, and not even by selecting extreme instances, but by observing what those who are brought up in this evil moral atmosphere count as virtues. So perhaps the true wretchedness of the worst inn is not to be tested so well by the misery of its worst room, as by the tawdry finery of its best. Most people are made familiar with the vicious excesses of the courtiers of the Restoration—with the wild libertinism of Villiers and Wilmot—with the anecdotes of the easy, good-natured, and good-for-nothing king and his ministers; 'mad,' as Pepys tells us, 'with the chasing of a poor moth' in the saloon of the abandoned Lady Castlemain when Van Tromp's cannon were heard booming up the Thames. The schoolboy reads with a little wonder how the Lord-Chancellor Jeffries caught a cold, which produced a fever, from his imprudence—participated by another cabinet minister who joined him—in climbing a lamp-post to drink the king's health, when both were stark naked, and had of course drunk more than was conducive to their own health. About such details there is a certain rude and vulgar breadth, which, even when they are true, makes them look like exaggeration; and for a truer and more delicate measure of the morality and principle of that age, we have sometimes had recourse to the pages of those who profess to describe the virtuous men of the court.

In this view, the Honourable Roger North's lives of his three brothers—Lord Guildford, Sir Dudley North, and Dr John North—are a mine of minute and precious veins. They were published in two quarto volumes in 1740 and 1742. They were subsequently reprinted, rather for the use of the curious in historical literature than for the world at large, in 1826. The phoenix among these brothers was Francis, who became Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal. His portrait, as given in his brother's biography, is that of a very handsome man, whose face has a character of judicial grandeur and dignity. At first sight, it seems that of an honest man; and a person who looks at it before reading the book generally thinks so; but before he has finished, as from time to time he looks back at it from the incidents he is reading, he thinks he sees a certain shyness lurking about the well-developed mouth, the full well-fed cheeks, and even the broad lofty brow.

Perhaps the reason why the moral defects of an age are best developed by the eulogistic biographies, is because the biographer, who thinks all is perfect in the object of his inquiries, introduces us to all his weaknesses, which are the intricate and minute parts of character; while the person who records the vices of his neighbour only sees and describes whatsoever is flagrant. For instance, in an account of a man's vices, written by an enemy, or a person judging him harshly, we would never find an instance of sycophancy like the following, told in such a manner as to secure belief:—The young barrister courts a miserly but powerful man, whom all his more imprudent and more vicious brethren shun. In his brother's words:—'He was exceeding careful to keep fair with the cock of the circuit, and particularly with Sergeant Earl, who had almost a monopoly. The sergeant was a very covetous man; and when none would starve with him in journeys, this young gentleman kept him company.' 'I hope,' says Roger North, the writer of these biographies, 'to rescue the memories of these distinguished persons from a malevolent intent to oppress them, and for that end bring their names and characters above board, that all people may judge of them as they shall appear to de-

serve.' In this point he shows his readers how the young lawyer carried favour with the judge, flattering his prejudices, and was ready to sacrifice the interest of an honest client whenever he found that, by pushing it, he lost favour with the judge. Thus 'in circuit practice there is need of an exquisite knowledge of the judge's humour, as well as his learning and ability to try causes; and his lordship was a wonderful artist at sucking a judge's tendency to make it serve his turn, and yet never failed to pay the greatest regard and deference to his opinion when he was plainly in the wrong, and when mere contradiction had but made him more positive; and besides, that in so doing, he himself had weakened his own credit with the judge, and thereby been less able to set him right when he was inclined to it.'

But his love passages are at once the most amusing and characteristic of this astute lawyer's commendable proceedings. At the present day, there is doubtless abundance of mercenary matrimony and hard settlement-bargaining; but it is usual to draw a veil over the harsher outlines of this species of traffic. Although this matrimonial slave trade is not counted in the catalogue of vices, yet it is shielded under that homage of hypocrisy which vice is said to pay to virtue; and we do not find it blazoned, as among a man's good deeds, that he drove a hard bargain for a wife, and was tempted by ten per cent. deduction to abandon the object of his proffered affection.

His first adventure may be styled the Romance of the Usurer's Daughter. It was thus:—'There came to him a recommendation of a lady, who was an only daughter of an old usurer in Gray's Inn, supposed to be a good fortune in present, for her father was rich; but after his death, to be worth nobody could tell what. His lordship got a sight of the lady, and did not dislike her; thereupon he made the old man a visit, and a proposal of himself to marry his daughter. There appeared no symptoms of discouragement, but only the old gentleman asked him what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children? This was an inauspicious question, for it was plain that the family had not estate enough for a lordship, and none would be to spare for him. Therefore he said to his worship only, "That when he would be pleased to declare what portion he intended to give his daughter, he would write to his father, and make him acquainted with his answer." And so they parted; and his lordship was glad of his escape, and resolved to give that affair a final discharge, and never to come near the terrible old fellow any more. His lordship had at that time a stout heart, and could not digest the being so slighted; as if, in his present state, a profitable profession and future hopes were of no account. If he had had a real estate to settle, he should not have stooped so low as to match with his daughter, and thenceforward despised his alliance.\*' Magnanimous Francis North!

The next incident may be called the Widow's Comedy. The astute young barrister had met his match in a young widow, who kept him and several others of his kind in a long suspense, until she at last married—as if for the mere purpose of spitting them all—a person completely out of the circle of her suitors.

'His lordship's next affair,' says his partial brother, 'was in all respects better grounded; but, against all sense, reason, and obligation, proved unsuccessful. When Mr Edward Palmer, his lordship's most intimate and dear friend, died, he left a flourishing widow, and very rich. The attorney-general and all his family had projected a match of their cousin North with this lady, who were no strangers to each other; nor was there wanting sufficient advices, or rather importunities, of the whole family for her to accept him, against which she did not seem to reluct, but held herself very reserved. In the meantime his lordship was excited to

\* Lives of the Norths, l. 150-7.



make his application, which he had never done, or, at least, not persisted so long as he did, but out of respect and compliance with the sense of that worthy family, which continually encouraged him to proceed. Never was lady more closely besieged with wooers. As many as five younger brothers sat down before her at one time; and she held them in hand, as they say, giving no definitive answer to any one of them till she cut the thread; and after a clamorous proceeding, and match with a jolly knight of a good estate, she dropped them all at once, and so did herself and them justice.

'There were,' says the partial biographer, 'many comical passages in this wooing, which his lordship, without much pleasantry, used to remember; and however fit for a stage, would not muster well in a historical relation.' He mentions, too, that nothing but the desire of keeping well with an influential family 'could have held him in harness so long; for it was very grievous to him that had his thoughts upon his client's concerns, which came in thick upon him, to be held in a course of bo-peep play with a crafty widow.' Yet the most truly commercial adventure was the third, which is described thus by the affectionate brother:—'Another proposition came to his lordship by a city broker, from Sir John Lawrence, who had many daughters, and those reputed beauties; and the fortune was to be L.6000. His lordship went and dined with the alderman, and liked the lady, who, as the way is, was dressed out for a muster. And coming to treat, the portion shrunk to L.5000; and upon that his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr Broker (following) came to him and said, "Sir John would give L.500 more at the birth of the first child;" but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this despatch his lordship was made solicitor-general, and then the broker came again with news that Sir John would give L.10,000. "No," his lordship said; "after such usage, he would not proceed if he might have L.20,000." So ended that affair, and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquillity.'

'It is said that marriages are made in heaven,' is the next remark of the biographer—a singular one certainly to follow such mercenary doings. It refers to the ultimate matrimonial fate of the Lord-Keeper, who married a woman not only of birth and fortune, but of such affection and amiability, as his hard selfish nature did not deserve. Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' says of North that 'he had as much law as he could contain.' And it certainly seems to have filled him so completely, as to exclude every generous feeling and refined sentiment.

#### FREDERIKA BREMER AND HER COMPEERS.

THE vigorous and poetic mind of Scandinavia was, until a few years ago, a sealed book to our literary world in England. The very names of its popular authors were unknown among us; and had it not been for the charming life-pictures of Frederika Bremer, this ignorance might haply have prevailed even to the present hour. Her tale of 'The Neighbours,' on its first appearance in an English dress, was hailed with universal delight, not merely on account of its freshness and originality, but also as making us acquainted with domestic life under an aspect which had heretofore been comparatively unknown to us. This enthusiasm concerning Miss Bremer's writings has not yet abated, so that each of her works, on its publication in England, is instantaneously sought after and devoured by persons of all ages and of all shades of opinion.

Frederika Bremer has had the good fortune not only to win popularity and esteem for herself, but also to create a general interest in behalf of the literature of her native country, so that translated copies of Swedish poets and historians now obtain a place on the shelves of our public as well as our private libraries and are

inquired for with avidity by the ordinary class of intelligent readers.

Some slight notice of this accomplished writer, as well as of one or two of her literary countrywomen, may not be unacceptable to our readers. But before speaking of them, we must premise that it is no new thing for Swedish women to indulge a taste for literary composition. So early as the reign of Gustavus III., Hedwig Charlotte Nordenflycht was so renowned for her poetic talent, that she was sometimes named Urania, sometimes Sappho, by her admiring countrymen. And, in truth, her poetry possessed fully as much merit as any that has been transmitted to us by her contemporaries of the other sex.

It was, however, only in our present century that the real life of female authorship began in Sweden.

Far above all others stands Julia Christina Nyberg, better known in her own country by the name of Euphrosyne. Her lyrical productions are full of womanly grace and purity, and evidently spring forth from a heart which breathes the deepest and truest feeling. Her *Legend of St Christopher*, which is to be found in Atterborn's 'Almanac of the Muses' for 1822, may be ranked among the best specimens of Swedish poetry. We cannot speak quite so favourably of the tones which Dorothea Dunkel, Anna Lengren, and Eleonora Alsedyll have drawn from their lyres; neither do we admire the romances of Charlotte Berger (born Gräfinn Cronhielm), who walks forth in the field of fiction on those gigantic stilts of pathos which are but too fashionable at present among the novel-writers of a neighbouring country. But instead of lingering among the authoresses who are less pleasing to our taste, we will turn to the trefoil of talent formed by the Ladies Bremer, Flygare, and Knorring, who have shared among them the delineation of quiet citizen-life, of lively village scenes, and of the more glittering world of drawing-room society.

Frederika Bremer was born in the year 1802. After the death of her father, she inhabited Stockholm for a while, and afterwards spent some time with a friend in Norway. She now dwells with her mother and sister close to the northern gate of Stockholm, passing her summers at a neighbouring estate called Arsta. It is said that she has portrayed her parent in the venerable and singular lady who occupies the foreground in her recent tale entitled 'The Midnight Sun,' wherein also her fair younger sister is beautifully sketched as the suffering yet lovely 'Innermost.' This sister is watched over by Miss Bremer like some fragile plant, which needs all the sunshine of life to make it bloom in freshness and beauty; and it is from the outpouring of her own unselfish heart that Frederika Bremer has given such living pictures of sisterly love and care.

It would be idle to speak here of her works, for they are in everybody's hands; and the merits of her principal personages are discussed with as much freedom in society as if they were our next-door neighbours, or our intimate acquaintances. But our readers will like to know what sort of being in her outer aspect is the lady who has given us such charming pictures of other women. That one who has already passed the boundary-line of middle age should long since have lost the freshness of youth, is self-evident to all; but we wish it were allowed us to add, that some traces of loveliness were still visible about her person, for we are conscious of an instinctive disappointment when the whole human being is not in harmony with itself, when a lofty intellect and a pure imagination are not embodied in a fair and noble exterior. Miss Bremer, however, is decidedly plain. Her spare, sallow features are, however, lighted up by a look full of intelligence and sweetness, and her meagre form is set off by the neat simplicity of her attire. There is perhaps somewhat of the teacher in her aspect—a certain staid and measured glance, which is often perceptible in those who are accustomed to watch over and to check the waywardness of youth. Yet this sort of formality does not destroy the intellectual kindness

of her countenance. She is quite aware of her own unattractiveness, and has therefore always positively refused to have her likeness taken. The picture of her which is in circulation is only an imaginary one, invented by a German painter for the profit of some bookselling speculation. It was humorously reported last year in a Swedish newspaper that the Americans had just despatched a celebrated portrait-painter to Rome and Stockholm for the express purpose of taking likenesses of 'the Pope and the Bremer.'

In Sweden, her tale of 'Home' is preferred far above any of her other works. It is allowed, even by her greatest admirers, that while the authoress views with a poetic eye the narrow and tranquil course of domestic life, and therefore sheds a tender glow around its scenes, she fails altogether in the gift of bold conception. Her female sketches are drawn with truth and spirit; but when she attempts to portray a manly character, her imagination pictures forth only some disjointed fragments, abounding in mistakes and improbabilities. Her philosophy is also somewhat too transcendental for the fiction of every-day life; and it is perhaps too frequently intruded on the attention of her readers. But fault-finding is an ungrateful task when there is so much to admire and to approve of as in the works of Frederika Bremer.

Emilie Flygare has not yet passed very far beyond the bounds of her thirtieth year. She is the daughter of a country pastor, and need only have recourse to her own early recollections when she wishes to depict the joys and sorrows of a village life. This is consequently her forte; and her work entitled 'Kyrkoinvigningen' ('The Church Consecration') enjoys great popularity in Sweden. Early in life she was united to an officer, and after his premature death, entered into more than one engagement of marriage, which, being broken off, occasioned unkind observations in the Swedish world of gossip and fashion. At length she gave her hand to Carlén, a very mediocre poet, many years younger than herself; and since this event, she has, according to the fashion of some celebrated women of the day, assumed the double surname of Flygare-Carlén. She resides with her husband in Stockholm, and seems very happy in domestic life. She is fully as expert a housewife as a story-teller, and is not ashamed of assisting occasionally in the cooking of her domestic repasts. Above all, she is very modest in her desire for praise, and seems heartily to esteem those who may be considered her rivals in literary fame. She has a slight active figure, and repose is by no means her favourite element. Her small features are rather pleasing than pretty; but a spiritual expression is imparted to them by the soft lustre of her clear dark eyes.

We must now say a word of the Baroness Knorring, who is a right noble lady, and dwells far from Stockholm with her husband, a man of family and fortune. Her age is not very far from forty; and it is said by those who know her well that her life has been one of deep and passionate emotion; that she may say emphatically with Wallenstein's Thekla—

'Ich habe gelehrt und geliebet.'

'I have lived and loved.'

She is of a nervous temperament, and of very fragile health; and this, perhaps, is the sort of constitution most fitting to one who describes the weak, sensitive, *sating* emotions of aristocratic life. Her style is light and graceful, and she is an admirable painter of *high life*, with all its elegant nothingnesses and its spiritless pomp. Her best novel is 'Cousinerna' ('The Cousins'), which, like the popular works of Bremer and Flygare, has been translated into German; but we do not believe it has yet appeared in an English dress.

So much for the three most popular romance writers of the present day in Sweden. We shall only add, that there is no country in which literature is held in higher honour than among our northern neighbours. It suffices for a man to have written a volume of interesting tales,

or of tolerable poetry, to be received and courted in the best society; neither is this thirst for learning confined to the more educated classes; for as one traverses the country, either in lake-steamers or by other conveyances, everywhere he is struck by the intense earnestness with which the poorest people are seen poring over some old and oftentimes worn-out volume, as if they were seeking for some hidden treasure. Perhaps they have learned intuitively the truth of Lord Bacon's celebrated aphorism, that 'knowledge is power.' May they also be taught the kindred but still higher truth, that 'wisdom is strength!'

#### AUSTRALIAN WINE MANUFACTURE.

For some years a considerable effort has been making to render Australia a wine-growing country. Vines of various kinds have been introduced from France, Italy, Germany, and other countries; their culture has been anxiously studied, and their produce made the subject of numerous experiments, all with the view of securing a new and profitable article of export.

The soil and climate of New South Wales being, we believe, especially suitable for vine culture, there it has been carried to the greatest extent; and we should infer that, fiscal arrangements permitting, the time is not far distant when clarets, burgundies, hocks, and other light wines, will form an important branch of import from Australia. And certainly, it may be added, if these articles are to be used at all, better buy them from our own countrymen in the colonies than from France, which, notwithstanding all our liberality, purchases from us as little as it possibly can. We should not indeed be surprised to see the French commercial mind brought by and by to its senses by our large import of wines from Australia.

To show what is doing in New South Wales to promote the wine manufacture, we have the satisfaction of referring to the proceedings of the Hunter River Vineyard Association, on the 1st of November last, as detailed in the 'Maitland Mercury.' This association appears to consist of a number of enterprising settlers of some standing, each of whom brings to an annual meeting a few sample bottles of wines produced on his property, and at the same time reads a report of experiments and observations. On the occasion referred to, proceeds the account in the 'Maitland Mercury,' 'Mr Lang of Dunmore produced three samples: a white wine of the make of 1847, a red wine of the same year, and a red hermitage of 1848. The white wine was of thin body and sharp flavour, but without acidity, and a very pleasant wine for a hot summer's day. The red wine was a good sound wine, of fair body and pleasant flavour. The red hermitage was remarkably good for its age, having been only bottled on the 21st September last; it had the hermitage flavour, and although necessarily weak at present, promised to make a fine wine with age.'

'Mr Edwin Hickey of Osterley produced three samples: a hock of 1847, a pale burgundy of 1848, and a hock of 1848. The hock of 1847 had almost precisely the same flavour as hocks of different growth formerly produced by Mr Hickey; it had a pleasant quick flavour, and appeared perfectly sound. The burgundy was a very good wine, considering that it was only of this year's make, having the burgundy flavour, considerable strength and body, and so palatable, that it was considered it would become an excellent wine. The hock of 1848 was of course thin, and of slight flavour; but what flavour there was, was similar to that of the first hock.'

'Mr Carmichael of Porphyry Point produced eight samples, four of which were tasted—namely, a red wine of 1846, a red wine of 1847, a red wine of 1848, and a white wine of 1848. The red wine of 1846, made from a mixture of black grapes, had rather a sharp flavour, and was somewhat thin, but was a pleasant wine; the red wine of 1847, made from a mixture of red grapes, was of a paler colour, and the flavour rather strong and harsh, although it tasted as if the flavour was not yet fully developed; the red wine of 1848, made from the *franc pineau* grape, was a very good wine for its age, having a good body and fine flavour; the white wine of 1848, made entirely from Shepherd's Blesing grape,

was an excellent wine, although so recently made, sound, of good body, of fine golden colour, and having a full, rich flavour: this was pronounced a really good wine, and a number of questions were asked as to its manufacture, &c. Mr Carmichael said that the wine was made from Shepherd's Riesling alone, and purely from the juice of the grape, the huaks being fermented with it: it was made in February 1848, and bottled in September, about one hog-head being made; this was the first produce of those vines which were planted in land ploughed, but not trenched.

Mr King of Irrawang produced two samples: a white wine of 1844, and a red wine of 1836. The white wine was made entirely from Shepherd's Riesling grape: it was a very fine wine, of rich fruity flavour, and a beautiful golden colour. The red wine of 1836, and consequently nearly thirteen years old, was much admired: it was perfectly sound, and had a very fine flavour, but was not equal in our estimation to the red wine of Irrawang produced by Mr King at the last meeting: it had been eleven years in bottle, and had made a considerable deposit on the sides of the bottle, and it was stated that being shaken in carriage had somewhat injured its flavour: the bouquet from this wine was very fine.

Mr Kelman of Kirkton produced one sample: a red hermitage of 1847. This was a fine wine, of great body, sound, and strong; with the hermitage flavour and bouquet: of a remarkably deep colour, but quite clear.

Some conversation followed about the different wines produced, but no distinct opinions were elicited. A general feeling of confidence was expressed that wine would soon be an exportable commodity from the colony.

Mr King produced two samples of liqueurs—an orange liqueur and nouveau. The orange was very sweet and palatable, almost syrupy, but was rather fiery in flavour. The nouveau was remarkably good, of beautiful bouquet, and very agreeable flavour, without any fiery taste.

Mr Lang produced a sample of white brandy, which was strong and somewhat fiery when tasted pure, but very pleasant when mixed with cold water.

Mr Kelman produced a sample of white brandy, so strong, that, when tasting it pure, it was difficult to tell the flavour; but when mixed with cold water, it proved of fine and pure flavour.

This closed the exhibition of samples, and a discursive conversation followed. Finally, reports were read. In one of these Mr Carmichael observed, 'I conceive that a half-acre of vines on the alluvial land will produce in two and a-half years from the time of planting three hog-heads of wine of sixty gallons each; in three years and a-half five hog-heads; and will continue to increase in quantity till the half acre will produce five hundred gallons, or perhaps more. I have at this moment in my garden on the alluvial soil about twenty-four rods of vines, or about one-seventh of an acre, which produced last year three and a-half hog-heads of wine. This alluvial land does not so much require trenching as the forest land; indeed it may be dispensed with altogether if the land is twice ploughed, and then a double furrow opened for every row of vines—a spade deep being dug in the furrow when the vines are planted. I have offered to show to these people the whole process of the management of the wine (in which they imagine there is something very abstruse), and to go at any time to examine their vines, to see that their treatment of them is proper. There is,' he adds, 'no cultivation which the settlers in this country could enter on with more convenience and profit to themselves than the vine, because their time for the vintage is not required of them till the end of February, when their harvest and thrashing are all done, and the pruning and cleaning of their vines not till July, when their wheat-sowing is all finished, and they have a month or two of leisure.'

The most lengthy and explanatory report is that of Mr King. We well remember this gentleman thirty-four years ago when he was a shopboy in Edinburgh, and when we employed our winter evenings together in various scientific studies. Having proceeded to New South Wales, he there, from small beginnings, attained eminence in the manufacture of pottery and glass; but in the midst of these professional avocations at Irrawang, it would seem that he has been paying considerable attention to vine culture; and now it falls to our lot to give publicity to his far from uninteresting experiments. Commencing his report by a reference to the sample of red wine, vintage 1836, he says, 'This wine is the pro-

duct of the black pineau grape, a hardy variety, though a shy bearer. Within eighteen months, however, from the time when the cuttings were put into the ground, the grapes were perfected which produced it.

The vine cuttings were planted at Irrawang, William River, in September 1834, in trenched land, six feet by four apart, were trained to one stake, and pruned to spurs of two eyes. The soil is free and open, being the débris of puddingstone and porphyry. When the fruit was ripe, it was gathered and pressed in February 1836. The juice was fermented along with the skins in an open vat. When the fermentation became less rapid, as indicated by the reduction of the temperature of the decomposing mass, the liquid portion (the wine) was run into a cask, where, after the fermentive process was finished, it was allowed to remain until the yeast formed had subsided. The clear wine was then drawn off, to prevent the precipitated yeast from again mingling with it, and thereby reproducing fermentation. With the same view, and in order to oxidise any remaining leaven, the wine was in the following spring again drawn off, exposed freely to the air, and run into another cask, where, for the sake of allowing the remaining yeast and oxidised leaven to subside, it remained till the winter of 1837, when it was fined and bottled. From that period to the present time the wine has, in its progress to maturity, gradually undergone various chemical changes. It has consequently deposited in the bottle a portion of its tartar and its colour, lost some of the grape sugar, increased in alcohol, and at times given out carbonic acid; all the while it continued to develop more perfume and ethereal odour, and is now more agreeable and mellow to the taste. Altogether, it has thus become a more perfect wine, without yet exhibiting any symptom of its having reached perfection, or rather that ultimate point of maturity at which, in all wines, deterioration must commence. This wine is the produce of the pure juice of the grape, without any addition whatever.

One of the established laws of nature is, that chemical changes are accelerated with a rapidity proportioned to the temperature of the mass subject to such change; and consequently wine in a warm climate will naturally arrive at maturity sooner than in a colder one. Wine, we well know, is sent from Europe to the East and West Indies, so that the influence of the voyage may facilitate the ripening process, which is generally developed by long keeping. It is found that the wine, after being so carried to the East Indies, is superior to that which had in like manner been carried to the West Indies, simply because the longer voyage exposes the wine more to the influence of an elevated temperature. It has also been found that the same result may be obtained in a much shorter period of time by exposing the wine to a comparatively high artificial temperature—a practice, however, which I conceive to be dangerous and objectionable: and far more so the recommendation, for that purpose, of exposing the wine in bottle to the heat of a baker's oven, given in a French work of recent authority on the subject.

The sample of wine now produced, having been grown and kept in this colony, must therefore possess its present degree of maturity years earlier than it could have attained the same degree in any of the more temperate wine-growing countries of Europe.

A practical result to be drawn from the fact, that temperature exerts a powerful influence in modifying chemical decomposition is, that, from the heat of the climate, the wine growers in this colony, particularly in this locality, will find their wine comparatively soon at a given point of maturity, and will thereby be enabled to send it sooner into the hands of the consumer. This also points out the necessity of cool cellars for the preservation of wine in such a climate as this: whereas, in the higher latitudes, where wine is produced in Europe, the prime consideration in the storing of wine is to protect it from the frost.

There is another law affecting materially the operations of the wine-maker in many stages of his process, from the fermentation of the juice to the disposal of the wine in bottle, to which I beg to call particular attention with reference to the sample of wine now produced. Chemical action is active also in proportion to the volume of the mass acted on, other conditions being the same. Hence it follows that wine, in a large mass, will ameliorate more rapidly, and develop its qualities more completely, than in a small one. It ought to be contained, therefore, in large vessels till that effect be produced; it may take only a few months, or it may take a series of years, to bring it to sufficient



maturity. This depends on the original composition of the wine, the heat of the climate, and other modifying causes. On the Rhine, for instance, wine requires the lapse of many years to ripen to maturity; and to facilitate that result by the mere bulk of the mass, it is stored in very large tuns, some of which are estimated to contain hundreds of pipes.

When the wine has at length become sufficiently so perfected, it is necessary to arrest or retard, if possible, this chemical process, which constitutes the ripening to maturity. For that purpose, in accordance with the law already stated, the mass must be reduced in bulk; and the most convenient mode of accomplishing this is that which is generally adopted—by drawing it off into common bottles, and packing them away in a cool cellar, to remain till the wine shall arrive at perfect maturity; in this state it may remain, according to circumstances, a longer or a shorter period. But wine forms no exception to the universal law. That quality which is common to all dead organic substances—to resolve themselves under ordinary circumstances into their elementary forms, and which, in the case of wine, aids in its formation, will assuredly in time accomplish its destruction. The same chemical decomposition which promoted the progress of the wine to maturity, will in course of time, even in bottle, as certainly cause its deterioration and decay.

The sample of red wine presented is now nearly thirteen years old. It was kept only a year and a-half in cask, and has therefore now been nearly eleven years in bottle. Had it been some years longer in the cask, it would no doubt, therefore, have acquired its present degree of maturity in the bottle several years ago.

Such may be said to be the rudimental state of a manufacture which will soon come prominently into notice in England.

#### OCEAN PENNY-POSTAGE.

[A newspaper paragraph with the above heading, which appeared in No. 280 of this Journal, has elicited the following remarks from a correspondent.]

THE expense of conveying foreign letters by mail-contract packets to and from this country at the present time is about £640,000 a year. The income arising, however, from packet postage falls considerably short of this sum, and it is probable that no alteration of the present foreign rates of postage would cause the income to equal the expenditure. The object, however, of the government in paying large sums of money to private steam-packet companies for the conveyance of letters, is not only to facilitate commerce, and contribute to public convenience, but to be enabled to convert such packets into war steamers in case of need, and to obtain a knowledge of the proceedings of foreign nations, particularly the movements of their ships of war, which could not be ascertained so cheaply by any other means.

The English mail-packets run to and from this country and France, Hamburg, Holland, Belgium, North America, Mexico, India, China, the Peninsula, Mediterranean, Brazil, West Indies, and the south-western coast of America. The sea postage on letters conveyed by these vessels varies from 8d. to 2s. 7d. To foreign countries the amount of postage is proportioned to the distance of any particular part, and the quantity of correspondence conveyed to it. It sometimes happens, therefore, that the packet-postage on letters conveyed a short voyage is greater than on those conveyed a longer distance. Thus the sea postage on a letter to Spain, the international correspondence being limited, is 2s. 2d.; while to America, four times the distance, where the correspondence is immense, it is only 1s. To every portion of the British dominions abroad, however (except Heligoland), the sea postage is 1s. This is the packet rate for conveying a letter to Gibraltar, a distance of about 1400 miles, and to Hong-Kong, a distance of above 11,000 miles.

The only important parts of the British dominions abroad to which there are no mail-packets are the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand. The correspondence to those parts is conveyed by merchant ships. The ocean postage on every letter

conveyed by merchantmen is 8d. Out of this sum a gratuity of twopenny is paid to the captain of the ship. It will be thus seen that on every letter conveyed to and from the places where the poorest and principal portion of our emigrants resort, the government derives a profit of 6d. The captains of merchant ships are compelled by law to convey letters for the ports to which they are bound, and to deliver them without delay when they arrive. The gratuities paid them are of no value to the shipowner, either in regulating his captain's salary, or in calculating the profits of his ship; because they form so precarious an item, and because also they can only be paid personally to the captain. They are therefore considered merely as a perquisite of the latter.

Now it has been suggested that the government should forego deriving a profit of 6d. on every emigrant's letter; and that, in consideration of the protection from insult and aggression which it affords to the merchant navy, it should compel the master of a merchant vessel to carry letters without receiving gratuities; and that the postage on a private ship-letter to and from any part of the world should be 1d. only. Such an arrangement would scarcely diminish the ocean postage derived from the mail steamers; because, travelling as they do with greater speed and regularity than merchant vessels, they would still convey the letters of the wealthier classes, and all kinds of commercial correspondence.

To all poor persons abroad, and particularly sailors in the merchant navy having relatives at home, the arrangement which has been suggested would be a great benefit. To the poor emigrant in South Africa or in Australia it would prove an unspeakable blessing. The universal complaint amongst emigrants and their friends is the failure of their correspondence in reaching its destination. This is caused principally by defective post-office arrangements in the interior of colonies, and to loss of ships and accidents at sea. But if the postage on ship-letters were reduced to one penny, a dozen letters would be written by the emigrant and his friends where only one is at present—some of which would be sure to arrive safely. At present, the settler in Australia is unwilling to burthen his friends unnecessarily with a tax of 8d.; he therefore writes his solitary letter, and must wait at least a twelvemonth before he can ascertain if it has reached home. If it fail in doing so, it is nearly two years before his relatives can tell whether he is living or dead.

All persons who have had to do with the emigration movement can bear testimony to the anxiety and suspense endured by the relatives of emigrants on account of the limited correspondence that is received from our distant colonies, and which arises entirely from expensive sea postage; and to the unbounded delight felt by the colonist at receiving at intervals, few and far between, a letter from the mother country. It will be utterly useless to organise an extensive emigration movement suited to the exigencies of this country until the postage on ship-letters is reduced. Emigrants and friends part with no expectation that they will ever meet again in this world; and the only consolation that can be offered them is, that they will be sure to frequently hear of one another's existence and welfare.

#### IMPORTANCE OF AMUSEMENT.

The whole world is distracted with factions; and therefore sure the old time was much to be commended, in tolerating, or rather giving occasion to, some country May-games, or sports, as dancing, piping, pageants, all which did serve to assuage the cruelty of man's nature, that, giving him some little ease and recreation, they might withhold him from worse attempts, and so preserve amity between men. Upon the abolishing of these you could not conceive in reason, were it not that we find it true by experience (for sometimes things which are small in the consideration are great in the practice), what dissolute and riotous courses, what unlawful games, what drunkenness, what envy, hatred, malice, and quarrelling have succeeded in lieu

of these harmless sports! And these are the fruits which our strict professors have brought into the world! I know not how they may boast of their faith (for indeed they are pure professors!), but sure I am they have banished all charity.—*Goodman's Fall of Man.*

## CINDERELLA.

BY MRS ORLEBAR.\*

We extract a few stanzas from a metrical version of the story of Cinderella, distinguished by much feminine grace and elegance. Cinderella (the name so corrupted from Ella) is beautifully womanish, whether drudging for her harsh sisters, or fluttering through the prince's ball. Here is her second appearance at the ball:—

'Soon has the monarch hailed his guest  
With gracious smile and greeting bland;  
And now the prince his suit has pressed,  
And won for every dance her hand.  
High 'neath the gorgeous dome are swelling  
The tones of music; taste and art  
In many a rich disguise are telling  
How ladies change at will their part.

But, like the spark of varying light  
In those pale opals round her hair,  
And like the floating robe of white  
That caught all hues enkindled there;  
Herself the same, to each she seemed  
A vision of that brightest thing  
He e'er had mourned on earth, or deemed  
Might spread o'er life an angel's wing.

The mother thought her like her child,  
All beauteous, hurried to the tomb—  
On her the aged chieftain smiled,  
And saw his wife in virgin bloom.  
Prince Edred's thoughts enchanted trace  
His boyhood's dream in Ella's eyes,  
And mark each shade of woman's grace,  
His manlier soul has learnt to prize.

That night in many a mirror tall,  
The sisters oft their dress surveyed—  
Admiring glances on them fall  
For well was Ella's skill displayed.  
But now, while all around them float  
The stateliest forms of pomp and pride,  
With jealous pang again they note  
The lovely stranger by their side.

Still near the baron would she come,  
And win for him the prince's smile;  
Then speak to Sybil of her home,  
With playful art and gentle wile:  
Who that had seen her waiting last,  
A handmaid at her haughty cull,  
Shrinking from anger's blighting blast,  
Had known the Beauty of the Ball?

The close of these entertainments, our readers are aware, is always abrupt for the fairy-decked lady:—

'She sang, and while Prince Edred heard,  
He felt as though a finer sense  
Of music's power within him stirred,  
In soul-awaking eloquence:  
For she had caught all natural tones  
That swell our English woods among;  
Her voice was soft as the last low moans  
Of the storm, and clear as the blackbird's song.

She ceased, but terror blanched her cheek,  
The clock slow echoed to her lay;  
And like some form that might not speak,  
Through wondering crowds she fled away—  
She gained her car, the train was nigh,  
The pages on their queen attend;  
How rapidly—how silently  
Their homeward way they wend!

Yet ere she reached the garden gate,  
Her hair unbound—the dress she wore  
Ill matched her slippers, glancing late  
Like sunbeams on the palace floor:  
Back crept the lizards to their hole—  
Gourd, bulrush, poppy, withering fall;  
And home the frightened maiden stole,  
To wait within that gloomy hall.'

\* London: Masters.

When she follows her sisters to another fête, she is the expected star of the evening:—

'They went: but 'neath the palace dome  
Was all prepared for one alone.  
Her time of triumph now was come,  
And bright the crystal slippers shone.  
The love within her bosom shrined,  
Had moulded with its plastic power  
The form that answered to the mind,  
Like music, played in passion's hour.

Her girdle flashed with gems of light  
Brought by some gnome from Eastern mine;  
One wild rose decked her royal knight,  
Worn where his star was wont to shine.  
The ball-room seemed a fairy scene  
Enchanted by a lover's spell;  
A thousand lamps, green leaves between,  
Glowed round the motto, "*Tout pour Elle.*"

Yet on her voice Prince Edred hung  
As though no royal suitor he.  
She starts, for through the vines has rung  
A peal of fairy melody:  
"Oh stay me not—my hour is gone!"  
From hail to hail four wings her flight,  
The prince bewildered follows on:  
Has Ella vanished in the night?

She dropt one slipper as she ran,  
He did but stoop to win the prize;  
Of all the courtiers not a man  
Can tell where last she met his eyes.  
"Ho, guards!—ho, idlers round the gates!  
Which way has gone the Fairy Queen?"  
No lady passed—no chariot waits—  
No trace of all the train is seen.

"A girl ran by in russet weed:"  
"Here shone the car;" "A page stood there:"  
"This bulrush lies where pranced his steed!"  
"Tush," said the prince, "such tales forbear."  
Well was it that some pitying fay  
Led Ella to her father's home,  
Or never had she tracked the way  
That late so radiant she had come.'

The lost slipper, as in the original, is the means of identifying the radiant creature of the ball with the slave of the two tyrannical sisters; and a very charming little poem ends with the triumph of love, meekness, family affection, and generosity—the feminine virtues.

## THE EFFECT OF CHARCOAL ON FLOWERS.

About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vendor. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded colour, and I discovered that I had only a middling multiflora, stale-coloured enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot in which my rose-bush was about half an inch deep with *pulverised charcoal*! Some days after I was astonished to see the roses, which bloomed, of as fine a lively rose colour as I could wish! I determined to repeat the experiment; and therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, I took off the charcoal, and put fresh earth about the roots. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed, the roses were, as at first, pale and discoloured; but by applying the charcoal as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy red colour. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigour to the red or violet colours of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. *Yellow flowers* are, as I have proved, insensible to the influence of the charcoal.—*Paris Horticultural Review.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.